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THE AMERICAN CHRISTIAN CITIZEN.

The American people are noted for what has been styled a boastful appreciation of their advantages; and perhaps it is true that we are more disposed to dwell upon our peculiar and distinguishing mercies, than to consider the responsibilities that spring from their possession. I think it may be of some practical utility to present through this medium some thoughts on the peculiar obligations of the Christian American Citizen.

It is well to consider that distinguishing advantages impose corresponding obligations, and hence that the spirit and bearing of an American citizen should be as peculiar and marked as his political condition with its privileges and blessings. And let it never be forgotten that in no method can we sooner or more effectually work the forfeiture of our mercies and cancel the previous charter of our liberties, than by disregarding the principles and obligations which bind us as a free and republican people. What then, let us inquire, should be the characteristic spirit and principles of an American citizen?

And first, every American Christian may well be expected to be an exemplary lover of his country. Not that we alone should indulge such a sentiment, for the love of country is one of those instinctive affinities which are elemental in our nature, distinguishing us from all the inferior creation, and without which a man subjects himself to the just and unanimous scorn of his kind. How promptly

every bosom responds to the oft-quoted but admirable lines :

“ Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.”

What unsightliness or inhospitality of nature, what ruggedness of fortune, or despotism of man, ever availed to quench entirely the love of country?

“ Man through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Favored by Heaven o'er all the world beside.”

Amid the eternal frosts and storms of the poles, not less than among the perpetual verdure and spice-gales of the south, the thought, “ This is my own, my native land,” awakens a joy which gold cannot purchase, which time

and distance cannot destroy. We all remember the historical fact, that it was found necessary to forbid the playing of certain national airs by the Swiss guards of the old French monarchy, because so powerful were the emotions excited by those remembrances of their Alpine homes, that the troops were unfitted for duty. So when the allied armies were returning from France, after the downfall of Napoleon, and came in sight of the river Rhine, the well-known southern boundary of Germany, the troops of that country were so overwhelmed with joy that many fainted, and whole regiments were for a time paralyzed with ecstasy. What then should naturally be expected to be the measure of an American's love for and devotion to the country that cradled him, amid whose varied and multiform beauty and magnificence of natural scenery, beneath whose benignant sky and mellow and mild political and moral influences, he has received his training? If the Caledonian finds poetry and beauty in the stern wilderness, in the brown heath, and shaggy wood, and beetling crag of his native strand; and the very thistle that proclaims the poverty of his soil is dearer to his heart than a crown jewel; if the Switzer hears music in the rush of Alpine torrents, in the roar of mountain storms, in the crash and thunder of the avalanche; if the eye even of the pale Siberian and the shivering Icelander sparkles when you name his country, nursery though it be of tempest, and darkness, and eternal frosts, what in reason should be the emotions of an American citizen, when, on a day like this, he looks abroad over the fair heritage God has given him, and hails his country as his mother, exclaiming,

"O native country! O my parent land!
How should'st thou prove aught else but dear
and holy
To me, who from thy lakes and mountain
hills,
Thy clouds and quiet dales, thy rocks and
seas,
Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
All adoration of the God in nature,
All lovely and all honorable things,
Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
The joy and greatness of its future being."

That this ennobling spirit of lofty patriotism, of pure and strong love of country, is not a figment of the imagination, a creation of poetry,

is gloriously demonstrated in our own revolutionary annals. "Do you know," said the eloquent Burke to the infatuated British ministry, "what it is to conquer the American colonies?" Taking a town was not conquering America; marching through the country and devastating harvest-fields was not; there was not one vital spot at which they could strike and say that the provincials would be subdued. And when their armies came to our shores they found it so. They occupied Boston—they captured Philadelphia and New York; they ravaged our fields and villages, but America was not subdued. They looked at Washington's army and saw it almost starved and naked—they saw more than a thousand of his little army destitute even of stockings and shoes, leaving their foot-prints in blood as they marched from post to post, and yet they could not conquer America. And the reason was, as Burke said, "An intelligent, serious patriotism, a profound love of country pervaded the popular bosom, and they were unconquerable—if their towns were ravaged, they could retire to the wilderness; if their dwellings were burnt, they could sleep under the canopy of heaven, but they could not be subdued."

It was this spirit that taught the patriotic Hale, when sentenced to immediate death by his British captors, to say that his only regret was that he had but one life to offer up for his country. It was this that prompted the indignant reply of Reid, when offered a heavy bribe to favor the overtures of England—"Tell your master that I am a poor man, but that he has not gold enough to buy me." It was this that disposed and enabled even the females of that day to contribute mightily to the success of the struggle by infusing an enthusiastic patriotism into the breasts of their lovers, brothers, husbands and sons; they shamed away lukewarmness and apathy, and not unfrequently gave examples of heroic endurance and personal courage worthy of Sparta herself. New Jersey abounded in such examples. Indeed, in the spring of 1777, a young woman passing a forsaken house, saw through the window an intoxicated Hessian soldier who had straggled from his party. There being no man at hand upon whom to call for assistance, she went home, dressed herself in man's apparel, and armed with an old firelock returned to the house and took the Hessian prisoner, stripped him of his arms, and was marching him off, when she fell in with the

patrol guard of a New Jersey regiment, to whom she delivered him. Such was the heroic temper of the time, so pervading the spirit of lofty self-sacrificing patriotism, and nothing could stand before it. May the same spirit that animated their exertions descend with the heritage they acquired to the latest generation of their sons! Let us hope and believe that it will. We are apt indeed to lose our faith in all pretensions to patriotism, when we look around and see the scrambling for place and power of those who talk most and loudest about the love of country. Yet let some exigency arise, with its threatening thunder-charged cloud, with its mutterings of peril and alarm; let an invading footstep of foreign foe pollute our shore, are there not thousands of bosoms that would rush to receive the bayonets of that foe, and erect a wall of beating hearts between him and their country?

2. Reverence for the laws of his country, and a scrupulous but cheerful submission to them, should be a characteristic sentiment of every American. Order is heaven's first law, and without it there can be happiness nowhere. There are two modes of securing order—one is by physical force, the other by voluntary and cheerful obedience to reasonable laws. The former is the dependence of despotism; the latter the choice of freemen. Liberty in its just definition, the liberty for which our fathers struggled, is not freedom from law, but freedom according to law, and on this point it is to be feared we need instruction and warning. The theory of republicanism is eminently beautiful. Repudiating and rejecting the stale fiction of the Divine right of kings, it assumes that the sovereignty and power of the state reside with the people; that the laws are by the authority and for the benefit of the governed; that the sole legitimate end of government is the common welfare of the whole as estimated by themselves—and that every citizen tacitly and in good faith covenants to submit himself to the public will as declared in the laws. Every act of disobedience is a usurpation of the sovereign authority, and a setting up of an independent and most arrogant autocracy. This, to our shame we must confess it, is and ever has been our easily besetting sin. There is a low and depreciating sense of the majesty of law, and of the reverence due to authority. Private passion and prejudice claim to have their way, without waiting for the slow-moving

processes of law, and the ear is pained with every-day reports of violence and insubordination, of the law's inefficiency, and the warring influence of constituted authorities. Our fathers were satisfied with a freedom which allowed them to make their own laws; many of their sons are content with nothing less than liberty to break as well as to make them; and whenever the time is fully come in which the people despise and disobey the government of their own choice, and the laws of their own enacting, they will greatly need, as they will also richly deserve, the control of an arbitrary arm, able to crush at a blow every symptom of insubordination, and every breath of discontent.

The greatest danger which our country has ever experienced has been from this very source. History, when she makes up the complete record of our perils and escapes, will find the chief of them not in our contest with the arms of Britain, but in the ever memorable disquietude and disaffection of a portion of our own people to the authority of the laws and government, when the pure and immortal Washington presided, and when all his unequalled prudence, wisdom and weight of character scarcely availed to check the turbulent spirits that sought to involve us in the quarrels of revolutionary France. It was in view of such perils that he gave utterance in that admirable paper, his Farewell Address, a document which I could earnestly wish might be read at every national anniversary, to cautions like these, cautions whose repetition is not unseasonable now.

"All obstructions," says the venerable patriot and Father of his Country, "to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract or awe the regular deliberations and action of the constituted authorities, are of fatal tendency in a free government. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force, to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of party, often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community; and according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans, digested by common councils and modified by mutual interests. However combinations or associations

of this description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely in the course of time and things to become potent engines by which cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and to usurp for themselves the reins of government; destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion."

3. A careful avoidance of the bitterness and exclusiveness of party spirit is eminently becoming in the American citizen. It may well be inquired whether we have not carried our political differences too far, and maintained them with an acrimony unworthy of ourselves and injurious to the best interests of our country. It is hardly possible that any man, with the smallest pretensions to patriotism and common sense, will venture the defence of that spirit of party which prevails among us, agitating the community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindling animosities among brethren, and stimulating to brutal violence and outrage a portion of the people. So reckless and unprincipled is this spirit, that the purest character and the most disinterested and toilsome services are no recommendation or protection to the citizen who happens to become a candidate for office. Even the venerable and stainless Washington, than whom a purer man never lived, was charged by party spirit with almost every crime of which as a public man he could be guilty—from plundering the treasury for his private use to concocting treason with Great Britain, and every candidate for the Presidency, with one exception, has had to pass a like terrible ordeal of slander; and if we were to believe all that party has alleged, we should be forced to conclude that our chief magistrates, from the first to the last, have been the very worst men the country could produce. Can such a spirit as this be right? Can it be indulged without a terrible and constant wear and tear of conscience? Can there possibly be a proper respect and obedience to those in authority when hundreds of presses and pens are constantly employed in libelling the characters of our rulers? What an influence must be exerted upon the youth of the country by party presses and orators holding up to contempt and infamy every distinguished patriot who happens to be named for a public office! Another effect of this violence of party spirit, is to drive quiet, moderate men from participating in politics, and to surrender our elections, and

finally the government, to the control of the turbulent and vicious. It is time then, high time, that this mischievous spirit received a check; it is time for the reflecting men of both parties to frown upon it, and in every practicable way discourage it, before it shall have wrought our ruin. "The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge natural to party dissension, is itself frightful despotism, and leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and misery which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual, and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation on the ruins of public liberty." Shall it be in vain that history presents us with so many examples of the frightful enormities of faction committed in the name of liberty, and of its uniform hostility to the permanence and safety of states? Must we repeat an experiment the result of which has been so often written in tears and blood?

One might think that the frequency with which the spirit of party has proved itself a lying oracle would tend constantly to weaken its force. How many hundreds of times since the formation of this government has party spirit assured us that the country was on the verge of ruin, and that all would be lost if certain measures were adopted! We have sailed on in the same course, and those particular measures were adopted, but we were not ruined; and when we looked out to see storm and earthquake, behold all was calm as a summer morning. We have been told by party, that every President we ever had was a traitor, and would certainly embrace the first opportunity of betraying us to some foreign influence. But the country has not been sold; and as party opposition has died away, or our former chief magistrates have descended to their graves, we find that they were good and true men, that they had no very bad intentions, and that they served their country with their best abilities. Oh! how velvet-footed time and the quiet grave give the lie to the clamor of faction, and purge the film from the eye of jealous partyism; and how differently men and things appear when seen through an honest medium. We may be perfectly sure that we do not see things as they are in times of party excitement, nor as we shall see them

when that excitement has passed away. And the fact that we feel and act at such times under false and illusive impressions, is surely fitted to assuage the zeal and moderate the violence of party feeling.

4. The political circumstances of the American citizen invite to the cultivation of a spirit of self-reliance and of honorable effort to rise in society by personal worth; not by factitious helps. In the absence of privileged classes, of hereditary distinctions, and in the theory that all blood is noble that is honest, every man is thrown upon his own resources, and an open field is yielded to honorable ambition, and an even start is secured to the competitors for social and political honors. This is the theory of our system, though it must be owned that its practical working is somewhat embarrassed by the exorbitant deference paid to wealth, a virtual aristocracy of the very lowest order and of the meanest passions, and yet an imposing one in a country where wealth is acquired with ease, and so often falls into the lap of the basest sort of grovelers. Of all aristocracies, this must be held to be the most contemptible, compatible as it is with all that is sordid, vulgar, ignorant and arrogant. If we must have an aristocracy, let it be based upon anything rather than the mighty dollar. But so it is, and pity 'tis 'tis so, that the man of wealth oversteps the tallest, as Saul did his brethren. The man of learning, of genius, of art, of eloquence, moral worth, all are required to stand at due distance and pay homage—to move down and leave the chief seat vacant for the bag of dollars with a man to it. No matter where, or how, or when the wealth was acquired, whether his father amassed it by keenness in driving his bargains, by a lucky run of speculations, or by patiently peddling old clothes in Chatham street—the fact that the son holds the dollars is his patent for nobility; and the coin in his pocket exalts him the more than would blood derived from a hundred generations of kings, if attended with poverty. But let not this foolish and too common deference to wealth, which, after all, is outward, interested and insincere, discourage any from seeking honorable eminence in worthier pursuits. While the constitution of the human mind remains as it is, worth must be held to be the measure of the man. And there is scarcely any elevation you can aim at that you cannot reach, or at least deserve, by earnest and persevering pursuit. The rewards of lofty and

virtuous enterprise are, after all, for the most part justly distributed, under the operation of free institutions. The great men, the honored men of this nation have generally risen from the ranks of humble life, and, with few exceptions, their honors have been conferred irrespective of all considerations of birth or fortune. Let young men especially consider this. There is no honor or dignity which this great republic has to confer, that is interdicted to you; and if in the exercise of a just self-reliance and an honorable ambition, you strive to make yourself a blessing to your country, she will accept the offering, and in due time, and in just measure reward it.

5. It is of the very nature of the blessings we enjoy as American citizens, to produce the desire that all our fellow-men of every clime, color and condition, may soon possess the same political advantages. The love of liberty is not a monopoly; it cannot be hoarded like the miser's gold; nor like the same gold lost or wasted by dispersion. Like joy, it is doubled by division; like religion, it is increased by scattering abroad. Hence the sympathies of an American citizen are naturally with those, whoever they may be, that are engaged in the struggle for human rights and human freedom. Hence our country and our hearts are thrown open to the wandering exile of every clime whom tyranny has forced from his native land, and hence our feelings instinctively take sides with the oppressed in every contest with the oppressor. To feel otherwise is to proclaim that our hearts have never felt the touch and the inspiration of the spirit of freedom. It does not follow by any means, that our sympathies are to seduce us to intermeddle between rulers and people, whenever the latter seek relief in resistance or revolution; we are not required, with the French revolutionists, to wage a crusade against all despots, to offer liberty to their subjects and cut their heads off if they refuse to accept it. This were to place our own freedom in pawn and in constant jeopardy for the behoof of strangers whom we are not required or expected to love better than ourselves. But a cordial sympathy, an open asylum, and a city of refuge, and whatever else can be given consistently with our own peace and neutrality, will ever be yielded to those who ask only for the rights which God and nature accord to every human being.

Some excess of sympathy with the oppress-

ed of other countries leading directly to the violation of our neutrality, and tending to involve us in the calamities of war, has several times betrayed itself by our citizens. Thus the sympathy with France in her revolution of a large portion of our people had well nigh destroyed all the fruits of our struggle, though a Washington was then at the helm. Such examples, while they should suggest wholesome caution, serve to show how deep-seated is the love of freedom and the hatred of oppression in the American bosom.

6. I remark, in the last place, that it seems to me eminently becoming to all who enjoy the privilege and honor of American citizenship, to cherish a warm attachment to our institutions, laws, and government; to regard with suspicion and disapprobation that morbid restlessness, that love of adventure and change, of experiment and novelty, which are so common among us; and to throw the weight of virtuous, contented, and religious examples in favor of the institutions under which it is our happiness to live. We are far from supposing that our government and laws are perfect, and incapable of amendment and improvement; but when we remember that a Washington, an Adams, a Jefferson, a Hamilton, a Jay, a Marshall, a Madison, and other kindred minds laid the foundations of our political system, in the toilsome exercise of all their great wisdom, and virtue, and patriotism, we should be willing to give our institutions a fair trial, and be slow to countenance material and frequent innovation. It seems to me that the man who cannot be happy under the constitution and laws of this country as they now exist, would be restless and discontented under any system which human sagacity will ever devise. Let us beware of such a spirit, and cast it out from our bosoms as a foul fiend, if it ever enters there. Let us be satisfied with the good we have, and exchange it for vagaries of the imagination that we know not of. Let us not, upon every appearance of disease in the State, hack it in pieces and cast it into the cauldron of political quacks and wizards to be regenerated by their incantations. The laws are generally better than we are, and until it be otherwise, let us be concerned mainly to amend, not them, but ourselves. There is probably not a more mistaken, and if allowed to have influence, not a more dangerous class of persons among us than those who are for ever bawling about progress, and who look upon all the past wisdom of our

country and world as mere narrowness and folly. We have all noticed the habits of that very foolish creature, the crab, always in motion and moving in all directions, but most naturally moving backward, under the impression, it is likely, that it is then making most headway. Like it are the class just alluded to. They seem to regard all motion as progress, all change as improvement, and are never more confident of their rapid and marked advancement than when they are crawling backwards. We have no wish to meddle with any comfort their delusion may afford them, but we must certainly decline admiring their wisdom and creeping in their company.

There is not a more becoming or a more honorable distinction than that of a quiet, contented, order-loving, law-obeying citizen of this great and free republic. The example and influence of such men is a pledge and guarantee which all men accept of the stability and safe working of our system; and to such men, whether toiling in the harvest-field or in the mechanic's shop, however obscure and noiseless, we turn as to the hope and ornament of the nation. Such men are satisfied, and prosper under any government that will afford them protection against injustice, and allow them to work out their happiness without hindrance in their own way. And happy would it be for us if we were all in the habit of relying less upon government and more upon ourselves. When Alexander the Great asked Diogenes how he should befriend him, the cynic replied, "By standing from between the sun-light and me." This is, after all, the principal favor a wise man will ask of his government. He will obey it and support it, and in return, he asks it not to stand in his light. He expects it to be a wall of defence around him, but not to till his soil, ripen his harvest, or fill his barn. With such men we cast in our lot. But what we hope for we must also work for, and each must feel privileged and obliged to contribute his mite to the advancement of human interests. And remembering that society is composed of individuals, we must look to ourselves, our example and influence, and see that they are such as may be safely thrown into the common stock. However humble and obscure our station in the great hive of the commonwealth, each of us helps to form its character and shape its destiny. Each man of worth and piety, each faithful parent, each dutiful child, each kind neighbor, each sober citizen,

give stability to the State, and drops a blessing upon the world. Every vicious and unprincipled person, every drunkard, every gambler and Sabbath-breaker, and swearer among us, contributes, God only knows how much, to corrupt, weaken and overthrow the social fabric.

In view of this subject then, let us ascertain our responsibilities and consecrate afresh to God and our country the opportunities and energies with which we have been entrusted. Let me add to what has been said two or three considerations which should enforce such consecration.

And in the first place let us consider what we owe to the past. We are in possession of the rich experience of all past ages of the world. In a highly important sense all past generations have lived for us, have toiled for our advantage. In this world all things are working together for the glory of God and the best interests of mankind. Every generation accomplishes something towards the completion of the design. Every age contributes its quota of workmen and of labor. Each generation carries forward God's great design, and the succeeding generation takes it up at that point and carries it still farther forward. All that have ever lived have labored, some unwillingly and without design, and some cheerfully, intelligently, for the advancement of man's ultimate development and happiness, and the manifestation of Divine benevolence; so that each of us may say, I have an interest in every man that ever lived,—in every generation that has gone before me—in every patriarch, in every prophet, in every apostle, in every martyr that ever shed his blood for God and man, for every saint that ever prayed and exemplified the power and beauty of virtue—nay, even in every wicked man whose wrath, or tyranny, or oppression God has overruled—they all lived for me and my age. I have entered into their labors; I am possessed of their experience; I am profited by their toils. They have carried the ark of God and the interest of humanity forward to the end of their course, and then have laid down to rest. We take it up and bear it on to the next resting-place of man. Thus especially may we regard all who ever contributed to the civilisation of man, all who have been engaged, however humbly, in shaping the rudiments or building up the temple of human liberty—all who have extended the range of human knowledge, or contributed to

spread the light of the Gospel, have worked together for the production of a common good, and all have worked for us. What a privilege to live when so many generations have lived and labored before us and for us!

In the same way, that is, by inheritance, have we come into possession of our political blessings. They cost us nothing. They are worth indeed all the toil, and treasure, and blood that was paid for them, but they were brought to our hands without money and without price. Men that most of us never saw, did the work, endured the sufferings, fought the battles, and shed the blood necessary to secure national freedom. To them it was a hard-earned blessing, but it came to us without costing us a sigh, or a tear, or an anxious thought. And not only is it true that no other people on earth enjoy the same blessing with ourselves; it is highly probable in the ordinary progress of liberty no other nation can possess them without as heavy payments of toil and suffering as ours originally cost. They must gird on their armor and wrestle in long and dreadful death-struggle for the prize. What an obligation then is imposed upon us by the past to maintain in all their integrity, and glory, and benignant influence the institutions bequeathed to us! What everlasting and burning shame would be ours should we prove unworthy of the legacy, or part with one jot or tittle of the bright gift of our fathers, stained with tears and sprinkled with blood! Where is the man who lightly esteems it or wantonly sports with it? Where is the man who would not pour out his whole heartful of blood to preserve it inviolate, till he hands it over untarnished to his children? Let him stand forth and receive the doom of an Esau, selling his birthright for a mess of pottage, and the doom of an Arnold, selling his country for British gold and a British epauvette.

The lofty spirits who achieved our independence have now nearly all departed to the land of silence. Here and there a silver-haired man, with tottering step and bent frame, tarries among us, to remind us by their fast wanling lives, of the times that tried men's souls, when they had to choose between liberty and death. Venerable men, relics of a glorious day, founders of a glorious empire, we catch your skirts and cling to you with a quickened reverence and love as ye approach your graves; and as ye seem just about to leave us, watch you as did Elisha the depart-

ing Elijah, and pray that when ye ascend, your mantles, and with them your spirits, may fall upon us. But where are your compatriots in councils and in arms? Gone to the last resting-place of man, to be seen and heard among us no more. Yet on this day, amid the echoing and re-echoing gladness of happy millions, their disembodied spirits may be mingling in our celebration; and should a tongue be given to all their hopes and all their aspirations, we should hear on every side the voice of counsel and of prayer for the eternal preservation of our blessings and the constant maintenance of our responsibilities.

And while the sages and patriots of the past cry to us from their invisible abodes to be faithful, the unborn future joins its voice to theirs. Millions yet to be united with the myriads of the departed in claiming from us the transmission to posterity of an unviolated freedom. We are solemnly reminded that it is our high duty to live and act with reference to the future, and mould its character, its history, and its doom. We are sowing the seed of future bliss or wo, and what we are sowing, be it wheat or tares, will spring up and cover the fields, and future generations will reap the fruits. Thus it is that our influence will ope-

rate unspent when we are dead. Thus may a man, long after his natural life is ended, continue to be an actor on the stage of the world —be the leader of a faction, the author of a massacre, the main-spring of a revolution. Thus too, the life we now live, if virtuous, may bless our country after our name is forgotten in the lapse of time. This is not magnifying our own importance, but simply recognizing the natural connection between causes and effects. Let us then discharge our whole duty to posterity, and hand down to them every blessing unimpaired which we enjoy; and let us bless God that we live now with such opportunities of benefiting future ages. Cast your eye down the stream of time and behold the teeming millions that leap from the bosom of the future and throng these hills, and valleys, and prairies—a host numerous as the stars, countless as the sands upon the shore—and reflect that your life will bless or curse them according as it is virtuous or otherwise; and, in view of such a responsibility, draw nigh to the altar of God and your country, and lay your heart upon it, with every faculty and talent you possess, a living and willing sacrifice to virtue, liberty, and religion.

THE TRANSPLANTED FLOWER.

BY W. H. BURLEIGH.

INSCRIBED TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

How lovely was the flower
That grew beneath the sunshine of thine eye,
Unfolding, hour by hour,
Its tiny leaves uplooking to the sky,
As drawing thence divinest fragrancy!
In its deep heart, as in a cell,
Did pleasant odors dwell,
Making fragrant with perpetual sweets—
Thence stealing forth, to wander everywhere,
Around, above, diffusive as the air,
Raining their blessings as the sun its heats.
Oh! not the fragrance of the fresh-blown rose,
Kissed open by the June's voluptuous mouth,
Nor the faint wind that blows
Over the spice-fields of the sunny South,

Hath sweetness to compare
With the rich odors of that opening blossom
That death hath ravished from thy sheltering bosom.
No more, oh, never more to nestle there !

Beneath thine eye it grew,
Warmed by its light and softened by its dew—
A bird of promise, moulded
By Him who decks with flowers the daidal earth ;
And every day new beauties were unfolded,
And more delicious odors sprang to birth,
How did thy fond heart, like the clinging vine
Enfold it, clasp by clasp !
How did'st thou deem the blossom wholly thine,
Till He who gave it life unloosed thy grasp—
And o'er its petals bright
There fell a seeming blight ;
And, with a shiver as of mortal dread
They closed around the core,
Whence fragrance never more
Upon thy darkened pathway shall be shed !

Darkened ! oh ! say not so—
From thine excess of wo
Light may be born to cheer, with radiance tender,
Thy pilgrim-path, though rough it seem, and lowly—
Press on !—it leadeth to the FOUNT OF SPLENDOR—
The LIGHT ESSENTIAL that surrounds the HOLY !
Then shalt thou know—what now may seem obscure—
Why, with severest trial,
With pain and self-denial,
With griefs that seem too heavy to endure,
The heart is burdened till, benumbed with aching,
Torpor alone can keep its strings from breaking !

Not dead—oh, no—not dead
Is the meek flower that round thy being shed
Delicious odors—though it *seemed* to die—
Earth's winds were all too cold ;
Too often clouded was our nether sky—
That blossom could unfold
Its full perfection only where, on high,
Perpetual sunshine evermore doth lie
Upon the FIELDS OF IMMORTALITY !
Therefore, by HIM who granted
Its life at first, 't is tenderly transplanted,
Where no untimely frosts may blight,
Nor rough winds break its shivering stem ;
Where, to the touch of heavenly light,
Its leaves shall thrill, while over them
Hues brighter than thy fancy ever painted
Shall flash and change, as o'er the northern sky
Auroral splendors flash, to beautify
The winter night—and odors never tainted
By earthly contact, from its heart shall flow
As light flows from the sun—and thou shalt know

How brightly, in the Garden of our LORD,
 Blooms the sweet flower whose first
 Budding by thee was nursed—
 So shall thy heart grow strong, and on thy way
 Thou shalt pass calmly, looking for that day
 When the lost treasure, loved so fondly here,
 Perfected then, and more than doubly dear,
 Shall to thy yearning bosom be restored !

September, 1845.

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN THE CITY.

BY A CITY CLERGYMAN.

It is nearly a year since—it was late in the autumn of last year—that I was walking down M— street late in the evening. The night was bitterly cold; a winter storm just struggling on; the very night when a man likes to be snug in his own bed at home. Yet it does make him easy in the cold to think that a glowing grate will smile on him shortly, and a warm room make him forget the blasts of a damp, cold night. It must be very hard to be poor in the city, to have no well-filled coal-hole, nor any grate to huddle over when the stinging frost finds its way to your bones. It must be very hard.

I was hastening homeward, and had taken this obscure street as a short-cut—my cloak drawn closely around my face to shield it from the driving wind and the sleet that every now and then rattled against the houses, when a feeble tremulous voice fell on my ear. Opening my cloak, and pushing up my hat to hear what was said, I perceived a young lady closely wrapped in shawl and hood, who spoke to me again:

“Sir, can you tell me which is No. 26 of this street?”

“I think I can find it for you,” said I, “but are you sure that you are in the street you are looking for? This is a rough place for you to be in alone at this time of night.”

“I know it,” she replied, “but I have business here that would take me into a worse place than this, could I only find the object of my search.”

Of course I was too much interested in the deep earnestness of her tone, the evident sin-

cerity of her purpose, and doubtless too curious as to the errand that brought her there, to hesitate a moment about offering to aid her in finding the number for which she inquired. Walking up the flight of steps by the nearest lamp, I discovered that we were half a mile from the place she was seeking, as she had come to the wrong end of the street; but it was right on my way, and I therefore was unable to persuade myself into a bit of romantic benevolence in offering to show her the house. We walked on together. And I remarked, for the sake of saying something,

“Certainly you cannot be very familiar with the city, or you would be afraid to be out after dark in this vicinity.”

“O,” said she, “I see that you will not believe that I have anything good in view, unless I tell you the dreadful business that calls me here. You spoke so kindly to me, that I felt it safe to trust myself to your direction, and now I could tell you my trouble.”

“I would not for the world have you do violence to your sense of propriety in mentioning to a stranger what he has no right to know, but if I could be of any service to you, if your errand is of such a nature that my attention would be any relief to your feelings, if will give me real pleasure to assist you.”

A sudden thought struck her. “You can: I was wondering how I should get in, when I found the house, but if you are at home in the city, you can perhaps help me.”

“Cheerfully;” said I, “proceed with your story, as we shall soon be there.”

"I am going for my brother," she remarked. "He was to have been home at ten o'clock, but he did not come, and I waited till eleven, and as he did not return, I am going to find him. He has got into the way of playing billiards lately, and several times he has been out almost all night, and when he has come in, he is in a dreadful state. He has promised me often that he never would do so again, and has told me where it is that he has been in the habit of going, and I am afraid he is there now. He seems to have such a passion for play, that he will go, though I think he tries hard sometimes to get over it."

We walked on in silence, while I thought of the whole story of wretchedness and ruin in that short narrative. She had given me the outline of it only—I could fill it up without her aid, it was so like so many that I had heard before. It will help the reader to *feel* the sequel, if I here mention what was afterwards related to me by this new companion of my night walk.

It was the same story that you have read. Perhaps you know it already, or another like it. Henry Newton was the son of a country merchant, and one or two visits with his father to the city to buy goods had given him a taste for the freer life that was to be led in its gayer streets, and he grew sick of the counter and the country altogether. He was nearly a man in his years, and thought he should prefer to go into business in the great city, where fortunes were soon made, and then he would come back into the country and settle. An easy father yielded to his son's importunities, and made arrangements with an old and well-known firm in New York, with which he had long done business, to take Henry into their store; for though he had no relish for the confinement of business there was no other way of gratifying his desire for the city. But were there no other ties than those of home to keep this youth away from the great metropolis?

Henry had one more call to make before he could leave the village. Mary Wilton had been his *friend* from childhood. He had grown up by her side; had played with her every day of his life almost, at school and at home, Saturday afternoons always; had carried her basket, helped her over the fences, made all her quarrels his, and as they grew nearer and nearer to the period of youth, she had seemed less like his sister and more like one dearer than a sister. Henry thought he

loved her, and that he could never live without her, and never, till he had a taste of the city, did he dream of any pleasure that had not Mary Wilton for its light and joy. He was now on his way to bid her farewell, and had never thought till that moment how hard it would be to part with the friend of his childhood and youth; his heart was sad, and he was wishing that he had said nothing about the city, but had lived always in the same street with Mary Wilton. He found her in tears, and not very sorry was he thus to find her. It was a fond assurance that she loved him; he was happy in the thought that she would be his when he should return from the city, and claim her for his own.

"Then why must you go?" she asked, as he told her he was sorry that the hour of parting had come at last. "Why leave us and our sweet home for strange faces and strange places? Why will you go?"

"We shall never be anything if we stay here," he replied. "There is nothing to be made in the way of business; but a few years in New York, if I am successful, will put us in the way of wealth, and then I can give my Mary such a home as she deserves."

"I want no better home than this, or even one more humble would answer could I but share it with you," said Mary, and she wept at the boldness of her speech, which was in fact a fuller declaration of her own heart than she had ever ventured to make before.

"But I shall often be home to see you, Mary; every summer I shall spend the month of August here, and the holidays in winter will bring me back to your side. Come now, dry up your tears and let us be cheerful when we part. 'T is but for a little and then we meet again."

"I do not like to say it, Henry, but I do feel afraid about your going to the city; you are so fond of company, and so full of life and spirit, that I cannot help but fear that you will forget us up in the country, when new friends and new scenes are before you."

Henry was startled at the thought. It was new to him. He had never dreamed that the pleasures of which he had had a little taste a few months ago were to make him forgetful of the friends he had loved in his childhood, and whom he thought he should love as long as he had life. He was loud in his assurances that distance and separation would only make them more dear, and sure he was, that never would he find one more precious than his own

Mary. He was only sorry that she was not going with him, to be ever near him, that he could see her every evening as he had done as long as he could remember.

"And you will write to me often," she said, "and tell me how you enjoy the city, and what new friends you make, and how you get on in business, and everything that I would like to know: you will?"

"Yes, certainly, and you will never let a week go by, without writing to your own Henry, who will think it the brightest day of the week when he hears from Mary Wilton."

They parted. She stayed to pray for him she loved, and Henry was soon in New York, a clerk in one of the most fashionable dry-goods stores of the city. * * * *

"I say, Newton, what do you say to going to the theatre to-night?" said one of the clerks to Henry, but a few days after he was installed in his new situation. Henry had never been to the theatre in his life, but he had wanted to go a thousand times, and he meant to go *once*, just to see for himself, and know about it.

"I'm ready," he answered; "I was thinking of that same thing myself, and should like it well."

A new world, and a dazzling one, burst on the sight of that young man as the slight door flew open at the touch of his companion, and the glare of the brilliant theatre shone upon his bewildered eyes. There, young men, you are in the outer circle of the vortex, but booked and ticketed for the fatal returnless plunge. You will play around awhile upon the surface, and think it fine fun to sport on the smooth wave, but the devil is pushing your shell of a boat, and grins behind you, as he sees the circle narrowing, the rush increasing, your damnation more sure. O if I could shout so loud as to be heard above the roar of the waters around you, I would cry, "Beware, beware, for the path to hell lies there, and the way is easy."

But what young man will stop to hear preaching when he is crossing the threshold of a theatre? Henry heard nothing, saw nothing at first, but like one intoxicated with the splendor of the scenery, the unreal novelty of what was passing before him, he gazed in silent amazement. His young friend pointed him to well-known actors, and initiated him slowly into the mysteries of the new life on which he had entered. A stroll through

the galleries completed his apprenticeship. Henry was an apt scholar. Ardent, impetuous in his passions, fond of *pleasure* and now seeking it, he needed little instruction to guide him in the race of ruin which he had entered. Before he slept that night he had drank till he had little consciousness of what he was doing, and when he woke the next morning, a dim and distressing recollection of what he had passed through stole over him. It was bright while it lasted, but it is bitter to remember, now it is gone. But the next night was as the last and more abundant in evil. He had taken but a single step the night before, and new scenes of dissipation, mirth, and damning sin, were unveiled to his craving appetite. Like the tiger that has a taste for blood, he longed for more. There is no need that we follow him. The noose of the devil is around his neck, and a "willing captive" he follows his master. Poor boy! The sweet air of your native hills would have been purer and healthier for your soul, than the close, foul atmosphere of that den where you revelled on the second night of your career of shame. What would Mary Wilton have said, how would Mary Wilton have felt had she known the dangers of that dreadful night? Did you think of her, Henry, when the laugh and the song rang merrily in those walls where you sold your soul for the miserable pay of an hour of sin? Yes, Henry, you know you did. And once you thought you would dash away the maddening cup, and break from the charmed circle, and rush into the street and fly to her who loved you and would make you blest! It was a sudden thought; and it perished on the instant. Had you cherished it one moment, perhaps it would have saved you. But it was drowned in the wine-cup and your doom was sealed.

Henry Newton was not sufficiently inured to these scenes of dissipation to be able to conceal from his employers, his father's friends, the evidences of his delinquency. They could read it in his looks, and they were faithful to remonstrate with him on what they knew to be his habits; but when was a young man willing to believe that he was in *danger*? He could take care of himself; he knew what he was about; he was a little out of health and *that* made him look so; he would give them no reason to fear for him, and besides, he was not twenty yet and might sow wild oats for some time to come. All this was very far from being satisfactory to them,

and they determined to consult with the father.

Mr. Newton heard the report of his son's wildness with deep distress. It had not entered into his calculations when sending Henry, a young man of nineteen, into the city, that he was to be led into bad company and dissolute habits. But he was a man of business, of close calculations, and as he had sent Henry to the city solely because he could make money there, so he reasoned now that if Henry had not the *means* to gratify his desires for pleasure, he must deny himself, and of necessity be a steady young man. His salary was barely enough to clothe him and pay for his board. Mr. Newton would furnish him no more spending-money, and how could Henry then be a spendthrift?

A severe and certainly a deservedly severe, letter from his father announced to Henry that his father had heard with deep concern and grief the evil courses on which he had entered, and he earnestly desired him to forsake his evil companions; and if he would please his father and make an anxious family happy, he would leave the city and hasten home. Not he. He smiled at the suggestion and was distressed with one passage only, in the letter, that which informed him of his father's determination to stop the supplies.

For a time, however, it did throw a check upon his career. Indeed, there was no help for it. Who would pay the bills? He had always been the best supplied with money, of any in the club to which he belonged, and it was more than he could stand to think of making an exposure of his impoverished treasury. He chafed under his confinement, as he felt himself suddenly shut out from sources of enjoyment, which had now become essential to his being, and he began to devise ways and means to regain what he had lost. An appeal to his father for funds, was worse than fruitless. It brought him another and severer letter on the error of his ways.

A hundred times in the day he went to the drawer in the store where the loose change was thrown, and a hundred times a day the thought was revolved that if that money was in his pocket, he could have all he wanted. There comes the devil again. He is drawing that noose a little tighter, and a little tighter, he will strangle you yet, young man. Touch that silver and you are lost. It is not yours. It shines but to tempt; resist the devil and he will flee, but yield one inch and the game is up.

But he did touch it. He took it; a little at a time, and it was not missed; a little more and then he wanted more, and the desire grew with the indulgence, and indulgence was increased till the inroad upon the silver could no longer be concealed. What would Mary Wilton say of you, Henry Newton, if she knew you were a thief! Think of it and hide your head with shame a blush at the very recollection of her purity, her prayers, her tears, and your own base apostasy, profligacy and sin!

Henry's employers were not long in doubt when they found there was a thief in the store. But they would make an example of him, and bring the thing home to his own conscience in a form of peculiar terror, so they determined to expel him from their service, and send him home in disgrace. Respect for a father's feelings prevented them from delivering him up to the arm of the law, while they doubted if justice did not demand his punishment. Yet what a change was this for Henry Newton, when he returned to his father's house! How could he meet the eye of a father whose confidence he had abused! Would Mary Wilton welcome him back to the spot which he had deserted? Should he ever regain the character he had lost? These were the thoughts which pressed heavily upon him when he made his way back to his native village. He resolved to confess his errors, to humble himself, and make an effort to secure the sympathy and forgiveness of those whom he had grieved. His father was but too willing to accept his professions of penitence, and no one else had heard of his fall. His own sister knew nothing of it, and Mary Wilton, all unconscious of his guilt, gave him a glad welcome.

"Now, you will never go back to that dreadful city, will you? You will stay with us and be as happy as when we were children and never knew what it was to be separated."

Henry was ready to promise. He was for the moment heart-sick, and inwardly he lamented the day when he was first tempted to leave those lovely shades and early friends for the gay empty pleasures in which he had been revelling.

So he felt for a few weeks and then he was discontented. He thought home was dull, the pleasures of the country insipid, and he sighed for the gayer and brighter scenes which he had once delighted in.

It was a struggle for Mr. Newton to bring

himself to consent to Henry's proposal that he should return to New York. Nor would he have consented for a moment, but for his son's repeated and solemn assurances that he would devote himself strictly to business, and never give any occasion for anxiety on his account. He also proposed that his younger sister should accompany him to the city and attend school during the winter. Thus would he enjoy her society in the evenings after his duties for the day were over, and she would be as a guardian angel to watch him and restrain him from evil. There was in this proposal so much evidence of sincerity and determination to lead a life of pure and manly virtue, that Mr. Newton once more sacrificed his own views of duty, and his own wishes, to the earnest solicitations of his son, and Henry and his sister were soon in the city, a new situation having been found for the young man, where, after a short period of service, he would succeed to a partnership in the concern.

I have already related what has transpired between the time of his return to New York, and the night when I was going through M— street, on my way home. He had taken to play; its fatal fascination had beguiled him; all his pledges extorted by parental love and given with filial reverence, had been disregarded; even Mary Wilton's love had been forgotten, and a sister's prayers by night and day, her threatenings to reveal to others his dangers, and to beg her father to take him home, were lost upon him. Madness was in his heart! Deeper and still deeper he plunged into the meshes of vice, till even his sister's *hope* was all but spent. In one of his often visits to the gaming tables, he has forgotten the pledge which he had given to return early, and his devoted sister, braving the exposure of a solitary walk through the streets of the city, and regardless of the cold and storm that were enough to prevent any one but the bold from venturing out, she has resolved to make one desperate effort to deliver her brother from the snares in which he was caught, and save him, if possible, from the ruin that seemed to be at hand.

We had reached the house. I found the number, and rang the bell. We waited in painful silence for some moments before the bell was answered, but at length it was cautiously opened by a servant, and on our attempting to enter we were told that this was a private house, and the family had retired.

Here was an unexpected difficulty. Yet I had already discovered in the manner of the servant something that gave the lie to his assertion, and telling him that we knew where we were, I ordered him to show us the way. We stepped into the hall, and he conducted us down stairs, and through a long passage into a large room, which, as we entered it, almost stifled us with its foul, steaming, suffocating atmosphere. The quick eye of the young lady speedily singled out the object of her search, among the many tables around which were seated parties of midnight gamblers deep in play. Not one of them noticed us as we entered. The steady fixedness of every eye upon the game was terrible. It was but a moment before she rushed behind him, and twining her arms around his neck, whispered in his ear, "Henry, have you forgotten your own sister?" He started from his seat, and was about to break out in rage at the boldness of the girl to venture into such a place; and shame must have seized his heart too, at the thought that he was detected thus in the midst of his guilt. Before he could speak, she laid her hand on his arm, and checking his anger, promised to explain it all to him on the way home, if he would only leave his play and go with her. "You must go," she said, "I shall never leave you an instant until you are yourself again." He found remonstrance was useless, and making a hasty apology to his companions whose bitter sneers fell on his ear as he turned away, he gave his arm to his sister and they left the house together.

In the street she thanked me for my attention, and on my informing her of my profession, and of my interest in the errand which had brought us for a few moments in company, she asked me to call. And I did call, with a strong desire to know more of the fate of Henry Newton.

It is less than a year since I first met him. It is less than two years since he first came to this city. But what ravages have those years made in his character, and in the hearts of those that loved him! For a brief season after the brave attempt of his sister to rescue him from the destroyer, he abandoned his haunts, and inspired her heart again with hope. The gleam of sunshine was transient. The passion for play was the mightiest emotion of his soul, and no earthly tie was strong enough to hold him back. It is needless for me to speak of the efforts his sister made to restrain and reclaim him, nor of the wild re-

jection he gave to every entreaty which she pressed upon him. His father's authority was invoked in vain. His Mary's love was brought to bear upon his heart, but he despised it. He was joined to his idols, and wanted to be let alone. The sister, worn

with his sinful career, and powerless to hold him back, returned home. The father has since sought him out, and attempted to save him, but he is on the high-road to ruin, if not already in the pit.

THE PARLOR.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

THIS is my theme. An humble one, it is true, but not perhaps inappropriate to a page in this work. Even a great poet—great in his simplicity—in the power of painting domestic life and in developing home-born associations, dared to condescend to open his most celebrated poem thus :

"I sing the SOFA—I who lately sang
Truth, Hope, and Charity, and touched with
awe
The solemn chords, and with a trembling
hand
Escaped with pain from that adventurous
flight,
Now seek repose upon an humble theme ;
The theme though humble, yet august and
proud
The occasion—for the Fair commands the
song."

The Parlor then may prove no unworthy theme, even if my prosaic muse be unequal to it. I may suggest, if I cannot create : limn an outline, if I cannot fill up a picture. That man has not tasted the sweets of home who has not something to say or to think on this subject.

In the parlor, then, we behold the CRADLE. There lay your infant form. Were you the first-born ? With what eager rapture did your mother gaze upon you, who first gave her the title to that sweet and sacred name. Soft was the music of that voice that lulled you to the quiet and guiltless slumber of infancy. And who can describe the emotions of her bosom, as she watched those slumbers ? Love, hope, fear, and joy were felt in all their vivid alternations, or perhaps were strangely commingled in a heart, that from the hour of

your birth never slumbered over you. Even when she sleeps, her " heart waketh." What sound—even the slightest murmur—of infancy fails to reach that vigilant ear ? That faintest breath—was it pain or pleasure ? awakens some tender thought in your divinely-constituted guardian. With what fervid enthusiasm does she look upon that gem of immortality—a part of herself ! And when you awoke to resume your scanty portion of conscious existence, there was a smile ready for you, greeting your return to your happy, waking hours. All the world could not furnish such a smile. It is the symbol of the deep, sincere, unbought affection within, that would peril everything for you. What returns have you in the buddings of youth, in the vigor of manhood, or the vivacity of womanhood rendered for such love ? Then that prayer so often breathed over you, is it answered in your self-consecration to God ? Or do you dare to mock its sanctity ?

The PARLOR—it is the place of FAMILY WORSHIP. There reposes the FAMILY BIBLE—the ark of salvation to the house, the anchor of its hope. The priest of the household serenely opens the holy book, and reads the will of God.

"Then kneeling down to heaven's Eternal
King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays ;
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days."

So wrote Burns, the poet and the man, yet copying the emotions of the child, hearing his father at family worship—not indeed in a splendid parlor, but in the dear humble cottage

—the HOME, around which his undying recollections twined with a tenderness and a tenacity, that no lapse of time, no adversities of life could weaken or impair. Those lines flowed from the imagination, through the channel of the heart. To the heart they speak.

The parlor is the scene of the PASTORAL VISIT. There the man of God is welcome. He is greeted with a smile of pleasure. He comes to inquire after the interests of the family; to strengthen the faith of them that believe; to awaken hope in the desponding; to excite seriousness in the thoughtless; to speak kind words to the little ones; to sympathize with the afflicted; to offer his attentions to the sick; to benefit and bless all. Happy that family, who appreciate such services. They shall be blessed. The pastor loves to see all the family. In that room all are brought on a moral level before that God in whose name he comes to seek the reconciliation of all to Him. There the great and good Shepherd said to one of the inmates of a house which he loved to visit, especially in affliction, "One thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken from her."

The FAMILY PHYSICIAN, too, is invited into the parlor. What confidence does a faithful physician command! Nay, what love does he inspire, when he adorns that important profession! What profound, pleasant, painful interests cling around him! He is with us in our moments of deepest earthly anxiety. His words, his looks, his very thoughts we seek to scan. He is to us as an oracle, whose responses touching the life or the death of those who are dear to us, we eagerly wait as if decisive. And if we can hear his voice in prayer beside the couch of pain, how delightful! "Luke, the beloved physician," is mentioned in commendation by one who was sparing of praise. Even the Turk and the Persian were charmed with the lovely and devoted GRANT. Great is the influence of such holy men.

In the Christian parlor we meet our FRIENDS. Many a pleasant circle is gathered there. Many a theme of transient or of abiding interest is there discussed. It is the place where the charms of social life are developed, the power of domestic associations is felt, and the intensity of "home-born delights" is experienced. The statesman gladly exchanges the cares of public life for such communion. The soldier,

tired of the tented field, wearied with the perils of battle, and even the pains of victory and glory, rejoices to find this repose. The politician, distracted with the vexations of party strife, is calmed amid such tranquil scenes. The anxious man of business here unbends his brow and unburdens his mind. Whatever shall betide the husband and father in the world, *there* he is sure to find cheering smiles and sincere hearts. In this sanctuary he often obtains a refuge denied by all the world beside. And even if adversity enter these precincts, and hang its clouds over the scene, they are tinted with the soft lustre of the place. Hope spreads her radiant arch over all, and whispers of happier days.

In the parlor is celebrated the BRIDAL. Now comes a bright hour in the family history, not indeed entirely exempt from a shade of parental fear and tender anxiety for the unrevealed fortunes of the loved one, but still an hour of joy and gladness. Inspiration itself has designed so to regard it, when seizing some beautiful illustration to set forth a diviner joy of a bosom exulting in heavenly influences. "He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments and a bride adorneth herself with her jewels." Nor is this only the glowing strain of an ancient prophet, breathing in heavenly numbers the warm devotion of an unpolluted heart. A holy apostle seems to throw around the ordinance a more august sanctity, when he writes: "This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the church." Such is the bridal. Happy the daughter who is given away "IN THE LORD."

But life represents a graver scene. The COFFIN, too, must find a place in the parlor. At what door does not pallid death knock? In what house is not the mourner found? In that coffin may repose the remains of a father—the head of the house. How affecting when that light is extinguished! Or the tender mother may have sunk beneath the cares and burdens incident to her condition. The manly son may be the occupant, or the blooming daughter in life's early morning. Few parlors have not seen that solemn object. It may seriously be said to be a necessary article of furniture for every house—transient, indeed, but deeply impressive. The first death! the first funeral! perhaps after a long season of prosperity—how it strikes upon the heart! Let me conclude with the beautiful exhortation of Paul: "The time is short: it becomes

those who have wives to be as though they had none, and those that weep, as though they wept not, and those that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not, and those that buy,

as those that possessed not, and those that use this world as not abusing it—for the fashion of this world passeth away.”

SAY NOT THE DEAD ARE DEAD.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

SAY not the dead are *dead*, because they sleep
 Where Naiads sport along the ocean-cave,
 And Memory rolls its requiem loud and deep
 Mid the hoarse sighing of the wind-tossed wave,
 Where naught can reach them in their darkness, save
 The Death-paled messenger who sinks to rest
 In the deep mysteries of his coral grave,
 But sends no tidings from the unfathomed breast
 Of loved and lovely ones that give the soul unrest.

Say not the dead are *dead*, because they lie
 Beneath the shadow of some hallowed urn—
 Only the finite thing can droop and die—
 While round their names our thoughts immortal burn
 Like spirit-fires that light the soul's return
 Down the dim paths of absence, and recal
 Back to our sighing sphere our love to learn ;
They are not dead ! Their memories on us fall
 Like subtil harmonies of inthought musical.

Who are the dead ? Not they who nobly fight
 In the soul-battle of a righteous aim—
 Who utter Truth, regarding only Right,
 Defying Wrong, well-scoring threatened Shame,
 When Power or changing Public Will proclaim
 Corrupt Opinion ; they who firm abide,
 Outlive the storm, the rack, the martyr's flame—
 For witnesses do spring their graves beside
 Resounding, trumpet-tongued, what they have prophesied.

They are not dead who to one human soul
 Have given one ray of truth—from age to age
 They live unseen ; though no revealing scroll
 Emblazons forth on its undying page,
 In bright companionship with seer or sage,
 Their less-used name ; the mother to her son,
 Whose fond love-worshippings her heart engage—
 The humble peasant, when the day is done,
 Teaching the smiling child whose race has just begun.

They are not dead who swept the golden lyre,
 And rolled their numbers down the paths of time—
 Who caught a gift of that baptismal fire
 Which burned around and filled the spirit-clime
 With the bright flashings of its light sublime ;
 They are not dead because their tongues are still,
 Unuttering things they heard in lofty chime—
 We hold communion now, if we but will,
 And bringing thirsty hearts can all their longings fill.

Some die to live ! Repining all their days,
 Obscurely lone, unfanned by Fortune's breeze,
 They see Unworthiness overborne with praise,
 While Merit bends her oft-imploring knees ;
 Yet trust they on, and Hope's sweet promise seize,
 Looking to-morrow for the help they need ;
 They die with Hope just holding forth the lees,
 Which Fame to nectar turns, and Glory's meed
 Records their names on scrolls immortal as their deed.

He lives who dies bequeathing works that tell
 That he has been—who so fulfils his race,
 That though no dazzling deeds his praises swell,
 He yet may find a holy resting-place
 In the fond heart's remembrance—there to trace
 The lasting record of a sinless power,
 Imparting still the perfume of his grace ;
 He who thus lives, when Death's dim shadows lower,
 Shall win eternal life in that transforming hour.

THE USE OF THE EYES.

"The wise man's eyes are in his head."—SOLOMON.

WHERE else, the reader may ask, *can* they be ? And are not the fool's eyes, though wandering to the ends of the earth, in *his* head also ? Why then is a fact so obvious uttered with an emphasis, as if a new truth were thrown out upon the world ?

These questions are certainly natural ; and in the absence of much reflection, it might be supposed, that the truth stated is exceedingly shallow, requiring only a glance to see to the bottom of it. But a little thought will satisfy the reader, that there is more in this statement than meets the incurious eye—more than lies upon its surface. Is it not so, that men are known and characterized by the *use* they make of their eyes ? When we say of

one, that he is a man of accurate observation, what do we mean ? Why, that he uses his eyes—takes careful note of passing occurrences, watches the laws by which the world is governed, and shapes his course of life accordingly. *His eyes are in his head.* But may not a man have eyes, and yet, to use the language of Scripture, "see not"—that is, be none the wiser for them ? yea, more ; as wickedness and folly are synonyms in the Proverbs of Solomon, may not a man have eyes in his head, and be the more foolish for that very reason, using them in such a manner as to add intensity to the darkness of his mind, and the waywardness of his life ? Are there not men, whose eyesight is made worse

than useless by the medium through which they choose to look—such a medium as ignorance, and prejudice, and passion, and jealousy create, darkening their vision and making false impressions on their minds? These are they that have eyes, and *see not*, and might as well have been born blind, as to any good use they have ever made of the power of vision.

Now the eyes may be in the head, and yet if not used to gain correct and useful knowledge—to discover the right and the wrong paths of life—to foresee evil in time to avoid it; if the head is carried so high as to hinder distinct vision of the stumbling-blocks laid for the feet, they fail to answer the purpose of eyes, and might as well have been in the soles of their feet. It is not without reason, therefore, that the wise man's eyes are in his head; *he uses them aright*, and by the use he makes of them, they become the windows, through which the soul looks out, and sees the direction in which the finger of God's Providence and word points, and they discover the path of usefulness and safety.

In this respect, the difference is great in different men; and perhaps in no one thing is the difference greater. Some men seem to notice alike every phenomena of nature, and every indication of Providence. They find "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything." Not a pebble lying by the way-side, not a flower blushing as it peeps through the hedge, fails to receive from him due attention any more than the mountain that lifts its head high above the surrounding plain, or "the cattle upon a thousand hills." Others pass along with rolling, wandering eyes, and yet seem to see nothing *distinctly*; and if asked at night what one thing they noticed during the day, which they turned to some useful account, they would be obliged to confess themselves none the wiser for anything they saw between the rising and the setting of the sun.

Nor is this difference less remarkable in respect to the signs of the times, as indicating the proper course of action. No one can doubt that the Providence of God often gives the sound of a going, if not in the tops of the mulberry trees, as to David, yet *somewhere*, as a signal to men to bestir themselves; some premonitions appear: coming events cast their shadows before them, so that men who use their eyes may foresee many an evil and hide themselves. We believe that the observing man is able to recal many a time, when the

course of events had such a shape and direction as to move him to a certain course of action, which the result proved to have been for his own best good, while those same outward indications were unmarked, and of course useless to the inconsiderate multitude around him.

And then there is what we call a knowledge of human nature—of man—of the laws by which he is governed, and of the best methods by which they can be reached and influenced to a right course of life. How widely do men differ in the use they make of their eyes in respect to this article! Some seem to live and move among their fellow-men without ever really knowing them, taking their knowledge of them from their outward appearance, which is seldom the index of their true character. Others make a different use of their eyes, look deeper and more narrowly, and under the covering thrown over the motives, they see what manner of spirit is working in the heart, and the direction of the deep under-current which, though it be opposite often to that upon the surface, shows after all which way the man is going. Here now is the use of the eyes, which marks the truly wise man.

Nor is this all. There is an observation which discovers God in his works, and which brings him near to the soul as a dread reality, insomuch that the observer *endures*—is kept true to his duty, "as seeing Him who is invisible." It is seeing God as thus ever near, ever watching the motives and conduct of mankind, as the ground of his final judgment respecting them, which elevates man in the scale of being, and imparts the highest wisdom to his soul.

The wise man's eyes are also said to be in his *head* in opposition to being in his *heart*; to show that *reason*, not *mere feeling*, governs him; that he is not a man of *impulse* but of *discretion*; that he is moved by *truth*, not by *passion*; and that, although his feelings may often be deep and ardent, they are nevertheless under the control of a well-balanced mind. Unlike the fanatic, he does not permit himself to rejoice, till he knows why, nor to tremble till he understands wherefore. It demands a reason for any course of action proposed to him, and a reason which shall commend itself to his sober judgment.

And yet are there not men, full of feeling at times, they cannot tell why—having this or that preference, they know not wherefore? unstable as water, yet about as regular in the

ebb and flow of their feelings, as the tides of the ocean—men of mere impulse and whim? Where are the *eyes* of such men, or the *medium* through which the influence enters, that touches the springs of action, if not in their hearts? How many people are often deeply moved merely because others are, seeing no reason for it, with the *eyes* they have in their heads, and excited therefore only by the tones and vociferations which appeal to their sensibilities.

Intelligent emotion is healthy; but it can exist only as the facts which call for it are *seen*. The *eye* must affect the *heart*. So David felt when he prayed, “Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.” Seeing these, his heart would be stirred, and the impression left would be true and salutary. It will not be questioned, that in the government of God, and in the condition of man as a rebel against the government, there is enough to justify the deepest feeling; and no one in his emotions ever yet reached the full measure which the facts in the case warrant. Yet it is the mark of a wise man to let no unintelligent feeling rise; to see with his own eyes, either in the book of providence or in that of revelation, the facts which call for feeling, before he permits the tide of his sensibilities to flow. This is the true philosophy of emotion; yet we greatly mistake, if its rules, though simple enough for the understanding of a child, are not nevertheless often violated, and feeling is permitted to flow without an intelligent motive, and terminating in no useful result. In such instances, however, the eyes are virtually in the *heart*, not in the *head*; the *emotion* leads, and the reason follows afar off—the mark of a *fool*, not of a *wise man*.

And then, again, the wise man’s eyes are said to be in his *head*, in opposition to being in *another man’s head*.

Few people comparatively, as it seems to us, see with *their own eyes*, but with the *eyes* of others. It is such hard work to think; much study is such a weariness to the flesh, that not a few, we fear, prefer to have others do their study and thinking for them; to take compends of doctrine formed to their hands by their fathers rather than make them for themselves, or to see whether those already made accord with the Bible. They choose to take it for granted, that the conclusions to which the professed teachers of truth seek to conduct them are correct without going

through the labor, which the Bereans so nobly undertook, of *seeing* for themselves whether the things taught are so.

But this is the very flood-gate of fanaticism. The *eyes* of those, as the event has proved, who expected to see the world burned up some time last year, were not in their own heads, but in the head of Father Miller; and the insanity of some, and the delusion of all have been the sad result, proclaiming to the world the folly of trusting to others to see for us in the deep things of religion. Nor did the Mormons ever see with their own eyes those golden plates, from which, as they were made to believe, a new revelation from heaven was taken. They took things upon trust—saw with the *eyes* of another man; and now many of them are beginning to feel and to confess, that they have been sadly imposed upon in matters affecting their dearest interests.

And have we not reason to believe that this prolific source of evil is still wide open; that there are many in every community who cannot show this mark of wisdom—that of *having their eyes in their own heads*? How many minds seem to be cast in another man’s mould, contrary to the manifest intention of the Creator! How many grown up men are as truly in leading-strings, as when they were children, seldom seeing anything except through the medium of jealousy and passion, or as they are told by others to see!

It is true that but few men have leisure to originate all those trains of thought, or to develope the various relations of truth, which are necessary in order to be thoughtfully furnished unto every good word and work. Hence it is one of the arrangements of Christianity, that a class of men shall be devoted exclusively to the development and application of Divine truth. They think for others, who are engaged in different pursuits. It is a saving of time for the mass of men. Still the moment any one regards himself as freed from the obligation to search for himself because he has one to help his thoughts, the chief usefulness of preaching is at an end. That aims to bring the materials of thought and reflection to all classes of hearers, and asks them to see whether these things are so—to use their own *eyes*—to be independent thinkers, and not to feel that they have no thinking to do, because they have engaged a preacher to aid them to think. Herein is our controversy with the papist. We complain of him that he

leaves it with his priest to say what and how much he may believe ; that he consents to give up the Bible, and take for truth what a fallible man like himself is pleased to give him—to have his eyes not in his own head, but in the head of another man. For this is consenting to be always in leading-strings, and unfit to show himself a man.

We go for the doctrine, which requires that every man's faith be intelligent and practical ; and that each one examine for himself any article of religion which claims the subjection of his soul. We say that a man's eyes should be in his own head, and that with those eyes he compare Scripture with Scripture, and receive light from whatever quarter it may come, and that he thus be rooted and grounded in the truth, and not " be carried about by every wind of doctrine."

The practical question, then, which the writer and his readers should settle is, whether our eyes are in our heads, or in our hearts ; whether they are in our own heads, or in the

heads of other men ; whether we are caught and held by the cords of sect and party so firmly as not to have the free action of our own minds ; whether certain cant phrases, which, though no intelligible sense can possibly be extracted from them, have not nevertheless all the authority of law ; whether we do not rely for excitement, not on personal meditation, not on musing for kindling the fire of devotion, but on social vociferation ; whether, in a word, we have not put on Saul's armor, stiffening every movement, and preventing the free action of the soul, rather than going forth with free limbs and bold hearts, ready, if need be, to sling the stones of our own picking up into the camp of God's foes ? The question is, whether we see and think for ourselves ; for on its decision depends another question, whether our strength shall be turned into weakness by fanaticism, or whether we shall mount up on wings as eagles, run, and not be weary, walk, and not faint.

THE PORTULACCA SPLENDENS.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

BY E. G. WHEELER, M. D.

The generic name of this plant is derived from *porto*, I carry, and *lac*, milk ; Portulacca, then, may be translated, a milk-carrier, or milk-man. It is so named because it increases the secretion of animal milk. The specific name alludes to the splendor of its flowers : it is the *pilosa* of Eaton. Class Polyandria—Order Monogynia. Natural order Portulacceæ.

Generic Character.—“Calyx two-cleft, inferior : coral five-petalled : capsule one-celled, opening transversely : columella five, filiform.”*

Specific Character.—Leaves fleshy, awl-form, alternate, upper ones whorled : axis hairy : petals five, emarginate : flowers large, sessile, terminal, surrounded by a whorl of leaves. Flowers red ; a variety has bright scarlet flowers. Blossoms throughout the

summer and autumn, till killed by frost. A beautiful species.

Geography.—This species is a southern plant, and, like most others of this family, prefers a dry, parched soil. It is cultivated in our gardens.

Properties.—“Insipidity, want of smell, and a dull green color are the usual qualities of this order, of which the only species of any known use are common Purslane and Claytonia perfoliata, which resemble each other in property.”* The petals of the *Portulacca Splendens* contain a coloring principle, and freely impart a beautiful red both to water and alcohol.

The *Portulacca Oleracea*—the edible purslane which abounds in gardens and cornfields, in this climate, contains a watery juice, some-

* Eaton.

* Lindley.

what acid, and frequently forms an ingredient in soups, or is pickled with spices. It is boiled and eaten as greens, and when cooked in this way, bears some resemblance to asparagus. It is said to prevent mortification, or to obviate it, if already commenced. It is also

slightly aperient. From its nomenclature, dairy-men might take a useful hint, as it could be easily cut up and mixed with meal or other substances which the animal would relish, and the experiment might result in a great agricultural benefit.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MIAMI.

BY MRS. ELIZA L. SCHERMERHORN.

[During the Indian wars on the western frontier, the Miami Indians took captive a female child, whose family name was Slocum. She was adopted into the family of the warrior who took her captive, and finally married an Indian chief. After she was the mother of several children, every inducement was ineffectually used by her friends to persuade her to return with them to their home, the place of her nativity. This incident forms the subject of the following lines.]

LET me stay at my home, in the beautiful West,
Where I played when a child ; in my age let me rest ;
Where the bright prairies bloom, and the wild waters play,
In the home of my heart, dearest friends, let me stay.

Oh ! here let me stay, where my Chief in the pride
Of a brave warrior youth, wandered forth by my side ;
Where he laid at my feet, the young hunter's best prey,
Where I roamed a wild huntress—oh ! friends, let me stay.

Let me stay where the prairies I've oft wandered through,
While my moccasins brushed from the flowers their dew ;
Where my warrior would pluck the wild blossoms and say,
His *White Rose* was the sweetest—oh ! here let me stay.

Oh ! here let me stay, where bright plumes from the wing
Of the bird, that his arrow had pierced, he would bring ;
Where, in parting for battle, he softly would say,
'Tis to shield thee I fight—oh ! with him let me stay.

Let me stay, though the strength of my chieftain is o'er,
Though his warriors he leads to the battle no more ;
He loves through the woods, a wild hunter to stray,
His heart clings to home—oh ! then, here let him stay.

Let me stay where my children in childhood have played,
Where through the green forest they often have strayed ;
They never could bend to the white man's cold sway,
For their hearts are of fire—oh ! here let them stay.

You tell me of leaves of the Spirit that speak,
But the spirit I own, in the bright stars I seek ;
In the prairie, the forest, the waters' wild play
I see 'im, I hear Him—oh ! then, let me stay.

OUR FAMILY.—No. III.

"Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations, mingle into bliss."

In my last I promised to introduce the reader to "Our Family," and this perhaps may be most eligibly accomplished by unfolding the principles that were relied on by our parents for our right instruction and discipline, the manner of their application, and their fruits as ripened by the lapse of years.

Our family consisted of the parents, their four children, and the servants. One child, a lovely boy, had been called in early childhood to heaven, and after nestling in his parents' bosoms long enough to warm them, he departed, leading upward their affections as he ascended, and establishing by his death new ties between his earthly home and his heavenly.

It was a happy circumstance for us all that the heads of the household were entirely agreed in regarding their family as their first and principal concern, as the field with whose cultivation and improvement they were charged with special and surpassing solemnity. They knew and felt that there was no substitute for parental influence. This work and responsibility they knew could not be transferred to the minister, or to the Sunday-School, or to governess, or to schools or teachers of any sort. They felt that they had no right to shift to other hands a task which Providence had specially committed to them, nor would they have done so if they could. To their honor their grateful children may record that they loved their task and pursued it as a blessed privilege. Alas! what multitudes of parents in this Christian land, and in our own Christian churches, too, that can by no consideration be brought to the duty of careful domestic instruction and discipline! They profess much zeal for the reformation of society, for the enlargement of the church, for the conversion of the heathen, and care little or not at all about the Christian education of their own families. What is done for their own households is done by proxy. These parents hand their children over to servants, often ignorant and vicious ones, or to Sunday Schools, or the parish minister, and they hope

that somehow or other, at some time or other, their children will become Christians. Many a professing parent is more careful of the dumb animals he owns than he is of the souls of his children. If he has a fine horse or a valuable cow, he looks after it himself. He will not trust any farther than he can help to strangers. If he wishes a dog trained for hunting, or watching, or guarding his flocks, he instructs him with much painstaking himself. But when his child is to be trained for eternity, he hires at as cheap a rate as possible, a priest and a schoolmaster to attend to it. I thank God devoutly, that I was born of parents who refused to lay my soul as a foundling at the door of the stranger—of parents who held themselves responsible to God for the safety of my immortal nature; and who, in pursuance of their own passionate longings for my salvation, led me betimes to the living fountains and the cooling shades of the Gospel.

Another circumstance of happy influence upon our family was the harmony of the parents in regard to the means proper to be used in the government and education of a Christian household. Many a family has been wretched for want of united counsels and harmonious action on the part of the parent. The ignorance of one or both parents; incongruity of temper; false tenderness of the one or the undue severity of the other; fondness and partiality for one child over another; these and other causes often make the parents antagonists, and their house is divided against itself to the infinite damage of their offspring. What one parent builds up the other pulls down; what one teaches the child to believe, the other instructs it to doubt or deny; when one parent has inflicted punishment for bad conduct, the other soothes the little sufferer with sugar-plums and kisses, and perhaps with a sharp condemnation of "naughty papa," for hurting mamma's pet. Thanks to Providence, there were no such scenes in our family. The cabinet there was a unit, as General Jackson would have said. There was no appeal from the decisions of one parent to the other; no flying from the father's rod to the mother's bosom. Father and mother were of one heart and one mind, and everybody in their little kingdom knew and understood that

perfectly. In one or two instances I remember nursing maids attempted to mitigate what *they* considered the too strict government exercised over us either by sympathizing in our murmurings or helping us to escape from the penalties of misconduct; but the vigilant eyes of the parents soon discovered anything of this sort, and a prompt dismissal followed. They would not for any earthly consideration suffer a third party, however high or low in life, to stand between them and their children.

It was a fundamental principle in the government of our family, that a spirit of profound reverence must be generated in the heart of childhood, and that at the earliest age possible. The parents literally believed that the fear of the Lord, in other words, the spirit of reverence, is the beginning of wisdom. They believed that only a deeply reverential mind can produce and sustain a symmetrical, healthy, spiritual life. Therefore they taught us very early that filial fear which is one of the most conservative of all principles. The same disposition in a subordinate degree they required us to cherish towards parents and all others in authority over them. They required us to reverence and honor the laws and ordinances of religion, and as they grew older, those of the state also. Implicit obedience to legitimate authority was one of their first lessons. Our parents entirely discarded the spurious but false and mischievous theory that children are to be reasoned into virtuous lives, that their wills are not on any account to be resisted or coerced, but that they are to be diverted, cheated out of their wayward purposes and courses, and beguiled or seduced into the doing of right. They looked upon this wretched theory as fitted only to generate a brood of infidels or of self-complacent hypocrites, and so far as my experience goes I am satisfied my parents were right. I have lived long enough to see the operation of the foolish theory of education just referred to, and the fruit is only bad. The son has soon become wiser than his father, and the daughter has laughed at the mother that bore her. Subordination, reverence, respect, obedience, and the beautiful order and fit gradations of the family have disappeared, and chaos and deep darkness reign instead.

Order is heaven's first law, and the family, which is designed to be "a little heaven below," must become such by the operation of the same law. The idea of equalizing all its members, esteeming their opinions and judg-

ments as worthy of equal consideration, may be very good democracy but it is shocking bad philosophy. I have heard of schools as well as families in which this mode of treatment has been adopted, where the teacher surrendered his own authority and constituted the pupils a board of direction and control, and in cases of offence against the rules, a court of justice to award the penalty, the master taking their opinion and executing their sentence, that is to say, becoming the clerk and Jack Ketch of the concern. And I have heard such schools cracked up as models, as adapted wonderfully to the formation of manly character, and the development of the mental and moral powers. Alas for such Jacobinical improvement! Better a thousand times that a neighborhood should grow up in total, unalleviated ignorance, than be inoculated with the virulent poison of such a system, whether in the school or in the family. The first and the last thing to be inculcated into the human mind is a sense of its subjection and accountability to law, and the recognition of a power and an authority above itself and better than itself, which it is bound to reverence and obey. The first and greatest of all duties as well as the most difficult to learn, is that of submitting our will to a will above us, and the moral education of the heart is complete when it can truly say, "not my will but thine be done." What sort of a system, then, is that which proposes never to cross the natural will, and which sets up childhood as its own legislator and judge? It is practical atheism, whoever may be its teacher and priest. I have dwelt upon this topic longer perhaps than necessary, but when I recal what has fallen under my observation of the comparative working of these two schemes of education, I feel as if volumes, instead of a page or two, might be profitably employed.

The reverential spirit, as constantly inculcated in our family, as a matter of course, discovered itself in a variety of ways; toward old people, for example. It was supposed by us children in our simplicity, that having lived so long and seen so much, old men and women must be much wiser and better than inexperienced youth. We never thought of talking aloud in their presence, or doing anything which looked like taking precedence of them or placing ourselves on an equality with them. I am very sure that an appearance of this sort in our family would have incurred a rebuke that would not soon have been forgotten.

Grey hairs were in honor among us most decidedly, and I think this was very generally the case among the families in our neighborhood.

We felt a profound reverence for our minister. Since I have grown up I have been a thousand times shocked and amazed at the flippancy with which youth now-a-days, and even young children, speak of their minister's private character and of his pulpit performances. They know all about his infirmities and short-comings, and not only so, but they can decide upon his sermons, whether they are smart or dull. Listen to the talk at the Sunday dinner-table of many religious families, and hear how the younglings will hash up the minister and his sermon of the morning. Papa, perhaps, pretends to reprove them, while he winks at the mother, and all the while thinks as they do, and secretly admires what he considers their shrewdness. This is a practice which I can truly say was wholly unknown in our family. I believe we children never dreamed that our minister was not in all respects pure, wise and awfully holy. Had any one suggested the contrary to us, we should all have lifted up our hands and eyes, and a shuddering, "Oh!" would have attested that we heard the imputation with horror as well as with utter incredulity, as an impiety only inferior to blasphemy itself. And then as to the criticising the sermon, we should just as soon have thought of criticising Homer, or Milton, or Newton's Principia. We never imagined we knew enough to do anything of the sort. It may be different with boys and girls now, especially when assisted by their parents.

The Sabbath was holy time in our family. In its observance there was perhaps something of puritanical precision which many even of our religious neighbors thought a little too nice. I remember our little Joseph, when a little more than three years old, received as a present a very beautiful hobby-horse, caparisoned in an elegant style. It was a bewitching gift to Joseph. He could scarcely sleep for thinking of it, and would jump from his bed long before the sun left his, to mount him and ride. The Sabbath was approaching, and Joseph began to be in trouble. He thought it would not do to ride him on that day; and not only so, he believed it would not be right even to think of his dear little pony till the Sabbath was over. As the entrance of the wooden horse into Troy was the ruin of that famous city, so Joseph's horse, breaking into his

heart through all the fence-work of his scruples about the Sabbath, would have ruined a nobler thing than Troy. How the noble boy would manage and master his trouble was a matter of interest to all the family. When bed-time on Saturday evening arrived the little fellow slipped off to the room where his pony was, and gathering up blankets, sheets, and whatever would answer his purpose, proceeded to cover his idol completely from view, so that he might not by seeing be led to think of him. He then took an affectionate leave of his horse till Monday, and returned to his mother to be put to bed, happy as a lark in the consciousness of having, unbidden and unprompted, done his duty. I mention this little incident as illustrative of the style of estimating the anti-secular and sacred character of holy time common among us; and which was then, as it is now, regarded by many as needlessly strict. I have never been able to discover, however, any evil resulting from being very nice and particular in observing the Sabbath; whereas a little looseness soon leads to its wholesale desecration.

One thing I well remember as the constant aim of our parents, which was to mark the Sabbath as a day of religious cheerfulness. Some make it a day of sadness and gloom, and seem to think it wicked to smile. They put on great long vinegary faces and drawl every sentence through their noses, and seem to think it wicked in the birds to sing, in the sun, to shine, in the flowers to throw abroad their fragrance and disclose their beauty. Such Sabbath-keeping disgusts young people and makes them wish the day would never return. The Sabbath inspires, when intelligently and properly considered, only pleasant and joyful thoughts and emotions, and we best honor it and its Author when we spend it in songs of gratitude, rejoicing and heartfelt praise, and can hail the beams of each returning one with the divine song,

"Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes."

I may further observe, that it was a standing lesson in our family illustrated and enforced by parental example, that religion was emphatically "the one thing needful," the "pearl of great price," and that it was the highest practical wisdom to "seek the king-

dom of God and his righteousness." This I say was not their theory merely, but their practice. I believe our parents had as correct an appreciation of the enjoyments of this life as is desirable, and could with their children partake of them with a relish, so far as it was proper to do so, but after all this world was not their God. Their lives proved this. It was perfectly certain to us as we saw them from day to day in every variety of circumstance, that they were not living to gain wealth, honor, or anything else the world calls good or great, but that they lived for eternity and heaven. They sought a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. They drew their joys, their consolations, their supports, from a hidden

source, and in this way were we taught that it "is not all of life to live;" in this most powerful of all methods they sought to fix our thoughts on a home in heaven when the earthly house and household should have disappeared. Often have they brought to my mind the sweet figure of Goldsmith :

" As a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
They tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way."

But I must bring this number to a close, designing to resume my recollections in your next.

THE FORGOTTEN DEAD.

I LOVE to wander where the dead
Are lying in their last repose,
And stand beside the grass-grown bed,
And the grey stone, where one of those
Whose spirits now have deeply read
The secrets of eternity,
On the cold turf has laid his head,
From earth and all its troubles free.

Not where the sculptured column stands
In pride, above the costly tomb ;
Not where the marble page demands
The honor that the rich assume ;
But where a simple mound attests
That deep within that lowly bed,
In his calm solitude, there rests
One of the long-forgotten dead.

The dead are soon forgotten. Though
Their name may last a little while,
And some to their lone home may go,
And gaze upon their funeral pile,
And though the thought may bring a tear
That those, whom once we loved, are not,
Yet soon the trace will disappear ;
Soon are the dead unknown, forgot.

Thou too must soon be thus ; though love
May bind thee close to many a heart,
And though the sky be bright above,
And hope would bid all fear depart ;

Yet, in that dreary narrow house
Which soon must be thy dwelling-place,
No more the voice of hope will rouse,
And every tie of earth must cease.

Happy are they, who then will find
Enjoyment of a purer love,
Whose hearts for higher aims designed
Will soar the scenes of earth above.
Then, from the drear, neglected tomb,
A voice of joy and hope will rise,
And the free spirit will assume
The glorious beauty of the skies

C. W. B.

PHILADELPHIA.

(SEE PLATE.)

"And to the angel of the church in Philadelphia write; These things saith he that is holy, he that is true, he that hath the key of David, he that openeth and no man shutteth; and shutteth, and no man openeth: I know thy works: behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it: for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name. Behold, I will make them of the synagogue of Satan, which say they are Jews and are not, but do lie; behold, I will make them to come and worship before thy feet, and to know that I have loved thee. Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth. Behold I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown. Him that overcometh, will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God which is new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God: and I will write upon him my new name. He that hath an

ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."—Rev. iii. 7-13.

PHILADELPHIA is a city of Lydia in Asia Minor, where was gathered one of the seven churches of Asia. It is seated on an arm of Mount Tmolus, by the river Cogamus, about twenty miles southeast from Sardis. It is now called Allah Shehr, or City of God. Mr. Arundell speaks of the streets as filthy, and the houses remarkably mean. One of the most remarkable of the ruins is a column of great antiquity, which has evidently appertained to another structure than the present church. The gardens and vineyards which lie in the rear of the city, are beautiful, and before it is one of the richest and most extensive plains of Asia. When the American missionaries, Fisk and Parsons, visited the city in 1820, the Greek archbishop pointed out to them one of the present mosques as *the church in which assembled the primitive Christians of Philadelphia*, to whom St. John wrote the above.

THE HOLY BLOOD AT FECAMP.

To a serious and reflecting mind, the most striking feature of Romanism in the present age is, its variableness. Cameleon-like, it can change its garb and appearance so that none but those who are acquainted with its origin and history can recognize it as the same. And what wonder of this? since it is the master-piece of a being who is the origin of all deception, and since it is under the influence of that strong delusion which leads so many to believe a lie?

To those who consider the Jesuitic character of the Church of Rome, in this country especially, it can scarcely appear strange that the American people should have been heretofore so little awake to a sense of the character and objects of that Mystery of Iniquity. The outward asperities which might shock the mind of an enlightened American, have been carefully smoothed over. The harsh and bitter tone which is assumed toward the *heretic* in Europe, is softened into a mild and gentle voice. You will be terrified by no anathema here. You will be startled by no absurd miracle. You will not be shocked by the simony of a Tetzel, or a Bishop Arnoldi. You will not hear of the imprisonment of an evangelist for distributing God's Word; or of the breaking up of a Christian meeting by a dozen officers with a priest at their head; or of an humble Bible-reader being driven from your villages with blows and kicks, at the instigation of a Romish curate. And when the account of such things reaches you from the other side of the ocean, you are ready to say, Can this be the same Church which has gained power in our midst, and is yearly receiving new strength in this land of freedom?

In the western part of France, there is a town of some importance which is annually visited by many pilgrims from the neighboring villages, who come to offer up their worship in the parish church. On the high altar of this church is shown a bottle containing a few drops of blood, which blood, according to the creed of the inhabitants of Fecamp, once flowed from the body of our Lord Jesus Christ. On two occasions in the year, the Mass of the Precious Blood is celebrated. The following are extracts from the litany of the day: "O blood, fountain of purity! cleanse us. O blood, sea of mercy! purify us. O blood, the medicine

of the world! heal us. O blood, the glory of the saints! comfort us."

The following *authentic history* of the precious blood, and of the miracles which it has worked, may prove interesting. Let none hesitate to believe it, for it is the veritable account as taught by the priests and believed by the people of Fecamp.

"Joseph of Arimathea, and Nicodemus, secret disciples of our Divine Saviour, Jesus Christ, whom the Jews crucified unjustly, went to Pilate and asked of him the body of our Divine Saviour, that they might put it in a tomb; this they obtained.

"According to the Gospel of St. John,* Nicodemus came by night to the body of Jesus, and, with a knife, scraped off the blood which had congealed around the wounds in the hands and the feet of our Divine Saviour; this blood he put in his glove, and preserved it all his life with respect, paying all manner of homage to it; but on his death-bed, and having no children, he revealed his secret to his nephew Isaac, to whom he gave the glove containing the precious treasure, and said: 'This is the blood of the true prophet Jesus, whom our fathers crucified unjustly; keep it with respect, and pay to it the honor and adoration which are due to it, and you will never be in want of anything.' Isaac therefore received the precious treasure from his uncle, and put it in his coffer. Every day he failed not to pay homage to it, and he became powerful and rich. His wife asked him one day how, in so short a time, he had become so wealthy. He replied that it was a gift of God. Whereupon this woman flew in a passion; but one day having discovered her husband on his knees before the coffer, she immediately went and informed the Jews that she had seen her husband worshipping an idol. Isaac, being thus denounced, underwent many tribulations, and finally decided to leave the city of Jerusalem, where he was not safe, and went and dwelt by the sea-coast, near the city of Sidon. But, at the end of many years, having

* The translator does not aver that the words which follow, and which are given as a quotation from John's Gospel, will be found in our heretical versions; but the reader is bound to believe that they are in the original.

received a revelation that Titus and Vespasian, Roman emperors, would come and destroy Jerusalem with several legions of soldiers, he made two leaden pipes in which he put the precious blood of our Divine Saviour Jesus Christ; he then bored two holes in a large fig-tree which was in his garden, and placed the incomparable treasure in them; but having received a second revelation, that the Romans would bring fire and sword everywhere, he resolved to cut down the fig-tree and throw the trunk into the sea. It was not without pain that he fulfilled this resolution; but having received a third revelation, he heard a voice saying unto him: 'Fear not; the precious blood which you have thrown into the sea will land in a province of France, and will be worshipped by true Christians.'

"And, in truth, this tree was transported to the valley of Fecamp, where it was found by the children of a certain man named Bozo; these cut off one of the branches of the fig-tree and carried it to their father, who, having never before seen any wood of the kind, asked them where they had found it; they answered that they had found it in a part of the valley which was very fruitful, and that there were two more like it. On the next day the father went with his children, cut off the other two branches, and planted them in his garden, where great miracles were worked.

"Bozo tried several times to carry off the trunk of the fig-tree, but his efforts were useless. After his death, his wife Merca remained a widow, with her two children.

"At the Christmas holidays, a pilgrim once came and asked for a night's lodging. Merca granted his request, but observed that she was poor, and that she feared he would not be very comfortable. On the same evening Merca exclaimed with grief: 'Oh, my husband! if you were living we would have a large log to warm us to-night.' Her children seeing her sadness, said to her: 'Well, then, to-morrow morning we will try to bring the trunk of the fig-tree which is in the field.' 'But, my children,' she replied, 'you know that your father, strong as he was, never could lift it.' The pilgrim, having heard this, said: 'To-morrow we will take a wagon, and bring it here, if God permits.' The next day they took a wagon, and found no difficulty in putting the trunk of the fig-tree on it; but when they had advanced a few steps, the wagon broke down on the very spot where the abbey

now stands. The pilgrim then heaped a pile of stones over the fig-tree, and said: 'This wood contains the precious blood of our Lord Jesus Christ; in this place it is to be kept by posterity. Happy is this province, for it possesses the price of the world's redemption!' And having said this he disappeared.

"The great men of the province having heard of this, met together, and resolved to build an abbey. They did so, and the precious blood was placed under the altar of the Holy Saviour. But this church having been destroyed by the heathen, the precious blood was buried under its ruins.

"This treasure remained unknown for a number of years, and was at last found out by means of a singular miracle. Several princes and lords were hunting in the valley, and perceived a white stag of a prodigious size, which led them to the place where the precious blood was hidden, ran three times around it, and then disappeared.

"The princes were returning home, reflecting on this miracle, when all at once they were attacked by fifty robbers, who slew them all; but one of them, dying, related the miracle which he had witnessed. Duke Richard, in commemoration of this event, built again the abbey of Fecamp. Some time after, an angel ten feet high appeared on the altar, took the precious blood, which had remained buried under the ruins of the former church, and bore it to the high altar, in the presence of the multitude, saying: 'Behold the price of the redemption of the world, which comes from Jerusalem. Those who shall wear anything which has touched the precious blood, shall be preserved from every evil.' Immediately the angel disappeared, and left the mark of his foot on a stone which is seen to this day in the Chapel of the Baptismal font.

"Since that day, the precious blood has ever been the object of great veneration among the faithful; ancient traditions inform us how many miracles it has worked. A great number of pilgrims annually visit it, especially those who dwell at Yvetot, who go because a contagious disease once ravaged that city, but since the precious blood has been visited, it has never returned.

"The procession of the holy blood takes place every year on Friday in the week of the Passion, in the Church of Fecamp."

C. W. B.

“GIVE ME THY HEART.”

POETRY BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

MUSIC BY P. A. ANDREU.

AMOROSO.



1. Thou'rt beautiful, thou'rt beautiful! The light in thy blue eye Is



sof-ter than the azure hue That decks the summer sky! Yet



pause, thou fair - est child of earth, Ere yet thy stainless heart Be-

tween the gifts of earth and heaven, Choose its abid - ing part.

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II.
The world may give its choicest gifts,
Thy path with joy be rife,
And yet thy name be blotted out
From the Lamb's Book of Life.
Give me thy heart, the Holy One
Called thee from high heaven;
O, be thy heart in early youth
To thy Creator given!

III.
Then on thy brow a holier seal
Shall mark thee born of Him
In whose bright presence all earth's joys
Fade as a vapor dim.
Then, when thou stand'st before the throne
Of God's beloved Son,
Thou, 'mid the songs of heavenly hosts,
Shalt hear the glad 'Well done.'

THE PARLOR TABLE.

THE autumn is the season of fruits, and the choicest that the city yields are the fruits of the press. This is a plentiful season, too, our friends the publishers vying with each other in bringing out beautiful and valuable books. From present appearances we judge that the number of books issued this season will be more than usually large.

Wiley & Putnam are bringing out new volumes with wonderful rapidity, and some of them are of rare merit and interest. Cheever's "WANDERINGS OF A PILGRIM UNDER THE SHADOW OF MONT BLANC AND THE JUNGFRAU," will be a popular work. A new work by Mrs. Clavers is announced by the same publishers. "THE FOREST AND THE PRAIRIE," by Judge Hall, well known as a western author, may be expected from the same press.

The Harpers have commenced a new miscellany of well-selected volumes in the various walks of Literature and Science, and bring them out cheaply and neatly; they will doubtless have a wide circulation.

We have before us a beautiful volume from the Andover press, entitled the "PREACHER AND PASTOR;" it embraces treatises by Fenelon, Herbert, Baxter and Campbell, and what must a book be from the pens of such men? The work is edited by Professor Park, and is just the volume that the pastor will wish to add to his library. He will often refer to it with interest as he communes with the pious Fenelon, admires the polished Herbert, loves the sainted Baxter, and sits at the feet of the learned Campbell.

Carter has just published a new edition of the works of Richard Cecil, his "Sermons," "Remains," and "Miscellanies;" each volume is a treasure of thought; the overflowings of a full heart; warm, pure and aspiring; and he who reads these books and drinks in their spirit, is a better man for the privilege.

"LADY MARY," is the title of a handsome volume from the press of Stamford & Swords, de-

signed to rebuke the follies of fashionable Christians, in what are called the "higher walks" of life. The book is by the Rev. Charles B. Taylor, author of the "Records of a Good Man's Life," &c., a clergyman of the Church of England, of the evangelical or Anti-Puseyite school.

REMAINS OF THE REV. SAMUEL NETTLETON, D. D., consisting of sermons, outlines and plans of sermons, brief observations on texts of Scripture, and miscellaneous remarks. Compiled and prepared for the press, by Bennet Tyler, D. D. Hartford: Robins & Smith. New York: Robert Carter. 1845.

The volume before us is rich in those great truths so precious to every pious heart, and will be prized as enduring testimony to the power and beauty of the Gospel, by one whose joy it was to turn many to righteousness who will shine as stars in his crown of rejoicing for ever. Nettleton was an honored servant of God. The Holy Spirit was pleased to use him as a chosen instrument of good to multitudes; and in these published writings of his, that usefulness will be perpetuated, perhaps to generations yet unborn. Its wide circulation will be a blessing to the churches and to every family into which it finds its way.

DODD'S EDITION OF CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH'S WORKS.—The third volume of this octavo edition of the writings of Charlotte Elizabeth has just been published in elegant style by M. W. Dodd of this city, embracing "Wrongs of Women," in four parts, *Judea Capta*, *The Deserter*, *Falseness and Truth*, *Judah's Lion*, and *Conformity*. Among the choice female writers of the present day, Charlotte Elizabeth stands deservedly high, perhaps at the very head of the list. Old and young, male and female, find pleasure in the productions of her prolific pen, and we rejoice in the widening extension of her works. Mr. Dodd is entitled to credit for the very handsome style in which he has brought out this edition.

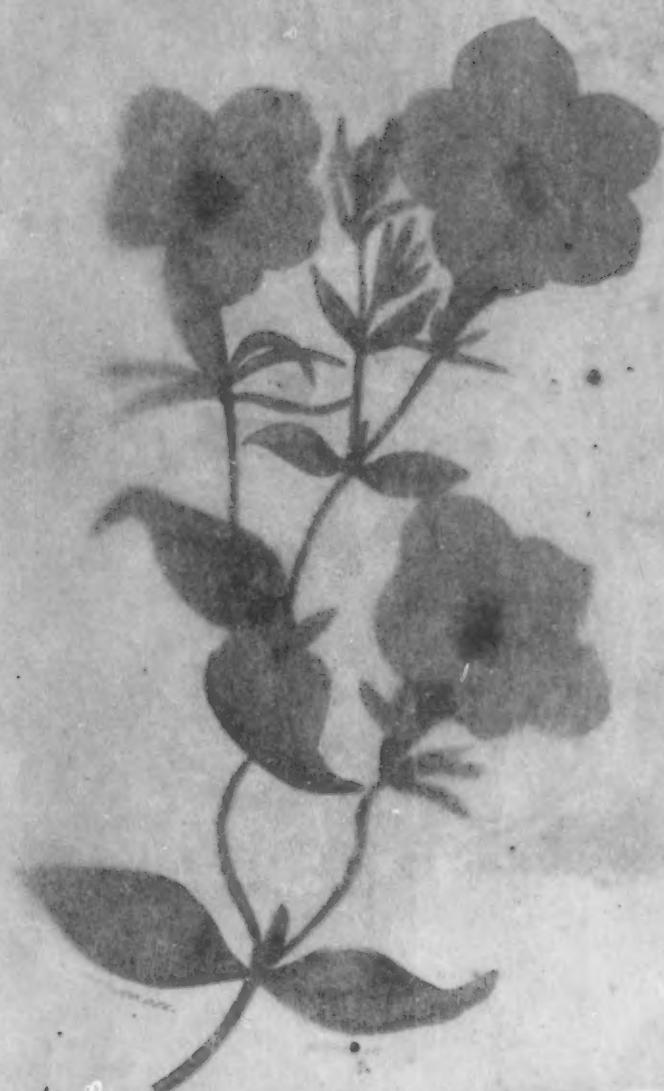
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